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3. i'pedja'ẃlia, the name of a constellation rendered ip'ẃha in a myth, (from i'i, wood, pik, to carry.) 805 821

Very cold; snow nine to twelve inches deep on the plateau.

Begins with the appearance in the southeast of a constellation representing Coyote carrying a pole of smaller stars on his shoulder. Mountain Lion came to his camp and ate his food. Coyote was angry. They told him to get a long pole and build a fire. He did not want to burn his pole, so they told him to go to the west and come back from the east. (Rose December 12 or 13, 1919.) [773]

This is called the second month in a letter from Jess Cheekapanyega giving the date on which the group arose. As this is only a month later than the first fixed date (Nov. 4, 1919) this information is probably correct. The month listed as second is perhaps the third, for the fixed date for the fourth month (Feb. 6, 1920) is two months later, leaving one lunation unnamed.

4. hõmáskà'dàdlia, star+very cold

Bitter cold; snow thigh deep.

Begins with the appearance of a constellation (Fig. 38d) in the east. (Rose about February 6, 1920.) This group may represent a portion of the constellation Perseus including the star alpha which would be visible in the northeast in December, January, and February in the early evening.[1]

5. màdigimaſà, bean dance.

A little warm; snow a foot deep now melts a little.

The Hopi plant beans in a bucket and build a fire near it. They boil the sprouts and have a dance for joy, I was told. This is the Hopi Powamu ceremony which occurs early in February.[2] My informant said this month is not counted, hence its name may be an alternative for the fourth month.

6. màwaſipūk, warmed.

Warmer; snow melts lower [March.]

7. màwaià't'dvingà, warm+half-way

Some begin to plant when the last crescent of the moon shows.

[Leaving out the fifth month, this is April: planting begins in mid-April.]

8. màwaiſkàtàvàvà, warm+gone. (The moon is gone by the end of this month.)

Planting during this month [May].

9. inyătàpū'k, sun+to make [warm?]

Hot; planting ended; alfalfa high and cottonwood in full leaf [June.]

10. inyăkàtuyumiyă'kà

A little rain [July.]

"We do not count this month."

11. gàſwotàsàpò'gà, thunder storm

Summer storms begin when this moon is half gone [August.]

The current month was given as gaſwo'pahud on August 31, 1921.

12. gàſwapū'kteiwū'k.

Many storms with floods [September.]

[1] Dr. C. D. Shane was kind enough to suggest identifications of these star clusters on the basis of my informant's fragmentary data.
[2] Voth, 73, 83.

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805 821 The list is apparently incomplete and garbled, yet I have attempted to give the approximately corresponding months in our calendar on the basis of the dating of the constellations and the descriptions of the seasons.

It is obvious that twelve names cannot do duty for not quite thirteen lunations and it is manifest that the Havasupai do not attempt the impossible. I was told that these are not intended to coincide with the lunar months and that the days are not counted. It seems that what I [171] found true of the Southern Diegueño applies here: that these Indians are interested only in designating a series of periods without attempting to fix their limits, and these periods are roughly the lunations, the names of which are variable and frequently in doubt. The only certain months are those fixed by the appearance of the several star clusters, and these all occur at the beginning of the Havasupai year. There can be no question here of intercalation of the thirteenth lunation in a twelve name series.

There is some suggestion that the months begin with the full moon.

| *Month* | *Began* | *Full Moon* |
|---|---|---|
| 1st–1917 | Middle of November | Nov. 28, 1917 |
| 1st–1919 | Nov. 4, 1919 | Nov. 7, 1919 |
| 3rd (or 2nd)– 1919 | Dec. 12 or 13, 1919 | Dec. 7, 1919 |
| 4th–1920 | Feb. 6, 1920 | Feb. 4, 1920 |

The solstices are recognized. Sinyella has a definite place where he stands to observe both solstices at sunrise. Presumably the other fixed points are pinnacles, etc., on the canyon walls. (Normally the canyon is deserted in mid-winter.) The winter solstice (*n„avákig*, coming back) occurs when the moon is half full. Sinyella fixed this as December 30, 1919. The summer solstice is *tnydhín„an„ndwaha*, the sun is home. I did not learn of any rituals connected with these dates.

Time is indicated chiefly by the position of the sun.

| | |
|---|---|
| n„imíθa'vumá | day time |
| inya''djit'dligigá | sun barely risen |
| inyá'tapóvigigá | sun risen half way |
| inyá'viluwívigá | noon (sun in the middle[1]) |
| inyádrepóvigá | sun halfway down |
| inyáta'pmigá | sun fallen out of sight |
| naták'épigá | night |
| naták'épviluwívigá | midnight |
| dju'vn„mθavàn igpafim | before the dawn |
| halávàà'pigigá | dawn. |

[773] The moon (*hald*) is a man or a man's head. A myth also describes it as a disk chipped out of ice.

[1] Or the sun making no progress: compare o'loviluwívigá, horses racing nose to nose.

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The character of the spirit is not usually designated, but those specified include a wolf, a hawk, and the spirit of the mythical personage who made the deer. A pregnant woman may hear the cry of a certain small hawk (*ádjádá*). Later the child pines, or if strong, he may often lie down as though fainting. A shaman called to sing over him, tells the mother, "When you were first pregnant, you heard a hawk calling. The child has a spirit in him; that is the hawk which entered at that time." Sometimes the shaman may succeed in carrying off the hawk spirit; then the child will live.

Despite the fact that the sun, the rocks and trees, etc., are addressed in prayer, spirits are not generally localized. Only one such is spoken of.

Long ago the mythical people made spirits and put them somewhere, so that one can dream of them, get them, and thus become a shaman. Spirits are not about here in the trees, rocks, etc., but one is in an ever-flowing pool (*ihaⁿyakáidáp*, black water in a round place) located in a little canyon beside the Colorado on the Walapai Reservation. It has a rough wall around it. People do not approach it, but when they look down on it from above, it wells up, although it is not hot. Strewn about are shell beads, arrowheads, deer bones with incised decorations (but no turquoise), placed there by some prehistoric people. Neither Walapai nor Havasupai offer to it.

Several mythical beings are referred to in myths, such as Pagiyógá and Pagiyóvà. It seems doubtful that these are prayed to nor do they address the two culture heroes in prayer.

Spirits are the cause of illness, although this belief does not preclude that which holds minor ailments due to natural causes, infringements of taboos, or to illy-defined magical practices. A dead shaman may send his spirit into the body of one who corruptly imitates his songs; the creator of deer sent his into the man who wantonly slaughtered the animals; the hawk-spirit enters the body of the unborn child.

There are perhaps three types of shaman: those who cure (*gíθiyᵉ'*) weather shamans (possibly called by the same word), and practitioners of a sort (*gísámd*)[1] who specialize on fractures, wounds, or snake bites, in following the deer, etc. Apparently all of them dream, but only the first have familiar spirits. These three types are fairly distinct, but not exclusive; for example, Doctor Tommy, who divides his time with his Walapai father's people, and who performs most of the cures (including those of snake and scorpion stings) claims to bring rain and to have medicine to destroy the whites. Only men can be shamans.

Shamanistic power is acquired by inheritance or by dreaming. In 1918 there were three men recognized, Bob and Doctor Tommy, who both

[1]Compare Yavapai pa-amache, shaman (Corbusier, 233)

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In a myth, told as a Yavapai tale, the corpse is poked with poles to make it burn faster and Coyote steals the only unconsumed part, the heart. This is not a Havasupai custom, but is recorded for the Diegueño, who poke the ashes and heart, the Luiseño, who prod body and heart, "the last consumed"[1] while among the Southern Maidu, those of Bear River poke the corpse with poles and those of American River pass the last unconsumed lump from hand to hand.[2] At an even greater distance the Klamath use poles similarly and hold that the heart is the last consumed. 171 764 773

The Walapai mourning ceremony (p. 267) and the Mohave dance of the Havasupai which is derived from it offer points of comparative interest.[3] This ceremony is but one form taken by the widely distributed Californian mourning anniversary. It is known to the Moapa and Shivwits Paiute, Walapai, Mohave, Maricopa, Yuma, Cahuilla, Diegueño, Luiseño, and the Indians to the north of them, Cupeño, San Miguel Salinan, Yokuts, Miwok, Yokaia Pomo, Southern and Northern Maidu, and Washo.[4] Presumably the Havasupai mourning introduced in 1919 is to be equated to these. In general this is a commemorative occasion at which the mourners weep, dance, and sing, the crowd is harangued, and much is made of the burning of clothing, food, baskets, and the like. Some of these tribes go further, burning images of the dead, namely Yuma, Cahuilla, Diegueño, Cupeño, Luiseño[5] and the Indians to the north of them, Yokuts, the Miwok on the lower Tuolumne River, the Southern Maidu south of the American River, and the Maidu of the Sacramento Valley and foothills when the dead are members of the Secret society or women of wealth and importance. I have no data for the northern Shoshoneans of southern California. But if they had the mourning ceremony there would be a continuous area of distribution.[6] 171 765 769

It is possible to suggest some relations of these ceremonies, provided my interpretation of the discrepancies is correct. First, it will be noted that these ceremonies are found only among tribes who practise cremation universally or in part: they have in fact a similar though less extensive 171 764 765 769

[1]Heye, (a), 14; Davis, (c), 96.
[2]Powers, 329; "A long rods was used 'to scrape off the flesh'" (Faye, 37.)
[3]For the latter see above, p. 279.
[4]Lowie, (i), 279; Curtis, II, 52, 70, 83, 92, 114, 117; Kroeber, (a), 281; Allen, 615; Davis, (a), 11; (c), 96, 100; Trippel, 8; Hooper, 343; Kroeber, (g), 65; Du Bois, (a), 625 ff.; (c), 100, 103, 148; Sparkman, 226; Mason, J. A., (a), 168; Powers, 164, 321, 328, 353-356, 384 391; Dixon, (a), 245 259; Barrett, (b), 9.
[5]The image and clothes-burning are described separately by Sparkman (226) but not by Davis or Du Bois.
[6]This mourning ceremony is unknown to the Yana, Achomawi, and Shasta [Dixon, (b), 230]. Klamath, to the Athabascans of northwestern California, Yuki, and Pomo, although among the last we must except the Yokaia on the basis of Powers' account [Kroeber, (d), 84; (e), 335; Powers, 164] and to the Southwestern Wintun [Barrett, (c), 438]. In Arizona it is apparently unknown to the Yavapai and Pima [Corbusier, 338; Russell, (d), 195].

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feather the arrows, to bind them with sinew, just as I do; then you can carry them hunting and kill game. Do just as I: I will not live much longer. Or, when I am old and blind, I will not be able to make any more for you, so you had best learn quickly. This too is the way I make moccasins, pants, shirts, and leggings. I will teach you everything I know about things to wear. If I were a boy like you, and my old maternal grandfather was telling me about these things, I would do as he said." 868

A boy is instructed to run toward the dawn as far as he can before turning back. He carries a short slow-match. Hardly has he started to return, when he touches it to ankles, knees, wrists, and elbows to keep them from becoming rheumatic, and throws it back over his head. Recovering it, he runs on home. This is in order that he may readily recall a forgotten article before he is far from camp. He continues this practice through manhood, (?) running at each of his wife's illnesses (p. 320).[1] [751]

When I [Sinyella] was about six years old, my father said, "Do not sleep after sunrise; wake as soon as daylight appears. Run toward the dawn. You should do this every day. Run out as far as you can. Do not walk; run. Do this always when you are a young man too; then you will be able to run fast, and when you race with someone you will win. If you do not, you will be beaten." I did this all the time and I washed my face and eyes. He said, "When you wash, your sight will be sharp; then you can see the game—rabbits lying under the bushes, or deer visible only through an opening among the trees. If you do not wash every morning, you will miss seeing a deer, even though he stands close to you; he will scare you when he bounds off." That is what they told me when I was as old as Lanso [six]. Later when I was as old as my youngest son [twenty] I made both men and women's clothing. By that time I know how to do all these things. Every morning I ran toward the daylight, so I became a good runner. I could beat the Hopi and Navaho when I was a young man. They told me this when I was a boy and I did it, and it was as they said. But now I am getting old and I can not walk or work fast; my legs are getting weak. [863]

He told me how to ride my horse in chasing deer. I shot them from horseback while running. "If you have good horses you can do just as we did," they said. "If you live as we tell you, you will live to be an old man. When you have children, tell them the same as I told you. When you are very old, blind, and your limbs are weak, your son can carry you. You can use a cane; one of your sons can lead you by it. When you are old and toothless, they can put mashed corn and meat into your mouth, and take good care of you just as though you were a little baby." 867

My father said, "When you are a young man and feel strong, you can travel about to get anything you need. You can visit other tribes to trade for things to make a good living: horses, buckskins, or other goods, or things to eat. By and by when you are old you will not have good things any longer." That is what I was told and I have no good things now.

Since success in hunting depends more on skill than on charms, explicit instruction is given to the boy. His father or paternal grand- 868

[1] Practising running and breaking off branches is referred to in myths. The San Carlos boy is also taught by his father to run and to break branches (Hrdlička, (d), 491.) The Yehonnay-Atsugewi puberty custom is somewhat comparable (Dixon, (e), 216.) Mesqua and Southern Ute fathers similarly run after the birth of a child, the latter breaking off branches (Lowie, (i), 265). [773] [171]

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covered girl lies on this (*opdgá*), protected by a temporary shade, for four days and nights.[1] Before this, however, her body is washed with yucca root suds, and painted red, save for her face which is decorated with the brown juice of the opuntia. During this period, she must eat and drink sparingly, meat is tabooed (but not salt), and she must use a stick or a smooth deer tibia to scratch herself.[2] She is not permitted to sleep by an old woman, who sits beside her, singing, "Do not be lazy; do not be troublesome. When you are married, cook and fetch water and wood."

Further details are given in a myth. The girl should run to the east at dawn each of the four days.[3] Then she may wash her hair and body. She will be barren should she taste meat before the menses (*ahuá'ñgá*, lit., red) end.

A woman lives at home during her periodical illnesses, the only interruption in her life being the taboos against meat for fear of barrenness, scratching with her fingers, and sexual intercourse. At the first menstruation following marriage, the mothers of a couple wash the entire body of their respective children and paint them red from head to foot. The husband's hair is roughly bound with a cord into a single queue by his mother. The hair at the wife's temples is tied at the occiput, enclosing the back hair which hangs loose. All this takes place at the camp of the wife's parent, with whom the couple are living. Their parents instruct them, adding to the wife, "Run toward the setting sun[4] as far as you can and return. Some unmarried girls will run with you: try to beat them." This is for the purpose of enabling her to run fast and move about briskly. This running is performed on each of four days succeeding the end of the first flow and on one day following each subsequent menstruation throughout her lifetime. The husband, after being washed by his mother, runs at dawn on each of these days, carrying a slow-match (p. 323).

### Mannerisms and Customary Behavior

Women do not fear the mice that live in the thatch, as white women do, though they drive them away. Yet they react in the same way to lizards; scream for fear they will run under their skirts.

Care of the sick and helpless is rather cursory. The invalid must share the discomforts of sleeping with the rest of the family and the coarse

[1] Compare the roasting pit of the girls in Southern California.
[2] For comparative notes see Lowie, (i), 145–147, (j), 283, and Benedict, 79.
[3] The Navaho girl runs to the east and back, and a similar custom marks the adolescence ceremony among the White Mountain Apache. The Southern Ute girl at least runs to and fro. [Franciscan Fathers, 446; Curtis, I, 46; Lowie, (i), 272].
[4] There is some confusion about the time; compare above.

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586 thing" was a good-sized blanket—accepted as a fair exchange for a young and daring wife.

582 Marriage came early to the young people of this tribe. Those who had established homes were spoken of as "husband" and 586 "wife." The formality of divorce was unknown, and separations were unusual. Was it the very sacredness of the marriage ceremony 581 that thus secured the stability of the home? I knew that almost every act of a Havasupai's life was performed according to a prescribed formula. Since marriage was the basis on which the home existed, and tribal government was dedicated to family welfare, the ceremony uniting man and wife should be most impressive.

581 On Bob's next visit to the school, I had my explanation. "Man, 713 woman, love, they marry—that all. Coyote tell Indians that. Coyote not un'erstand paper marry, like white man. He tell us all he know. Coyote our father. People do like he say."

There it was again, "Coyote is our father," an expression that made me question how Coyote differed from Deer and Bear. Sometimes a man would say, "Coyote taught us." Coyote's unique leadership gave me the feeling that in some way, the animal was a member of the tribe. Other tribes had gens or clans, each designated by the name of a wild animal. This leads to the thought that when the tribes separated, one clan, the Coyote, may have become the Havasupai people.

584 Among a people so dominated by ritual, it was surprising to learn that marriage here was often consummated by a sort of hit-or-miss procedure. The boy might take his chance by slipping into the wickiup of the girl's parents at night. If he were not welcome, the women of the lodge chased him out, and if he were not too fleet of foot, gave him a beating that discouraged any thought of return. But if he were accepted by the girl and [583] her family, he presented his gifts to the parents and moved into the family home.

584 Not all marriages were arranged in this manner. In the small 591 village of Supai, each individual knew every other person in-

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## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

# *Talking Stones*

An evening with an old storyteller sitting by his outdoor fire, pipe in hand, means a tale worth remembering. In this setting, the old men passed on to the children the legends of the tribe's wanderings. Of course each narrator spiced his tale with a little of himself, his imagination, his whimsy or his logic. But the theme never varied: always the gods led the Havasupai. When memory grew dim, these storytellers need only tread again an ancient trail, peer into a long-abandoned cave, or read the messages on boulders and stone walls to recapture the story's flavor and sequence of events. Of these legends, one, at least, certainly had the ring of truth.

Evidence other than Indian lore indicates that, generations back, the Havasupai lived in the region of the Little Colorado River. They may have settled there after the god Tochopa, on account of the crowded conditions in Mattawedita Canyon, dispersed the tribes. However, this new location again placed the tribe within raiding distance of the savage Whajes (Apache), who relentlessly drove them from their cliff dwellings and gardens to wander in an unfriendly wilderness. The tribe crossed the desert to the San Francisco Mountains, but even here they could not live in peace, so again took the westward trail, seeking the home to which their gods would lead them. A canyon cut across their path. They worked their way down its rugged walls to the floor—an oasis of greenery cut by a rollicking stream of blue water.

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It was a gala occasion of feasting and dancing. Faces were grotesquely painted, costumes and ornaments were designed to heighten the emotional orgy. Enemy scalps, taken in the fight, were washed and cleaned by the old women, then tied to the tip of an upright pole. The people danced round and round the pole, patting their mouths, giving a more savage note to the victory song, working themselves into a frenzy while they harangued the scalps, blaming them for the raid. "We do not steal from your home. We stay here and make our gardens grow. You kill our people. You steal our food, our blankets, our horses, our women. Now you cannot eat. You cannot sleep warm at night. You are dead."

When Gentle Annie or any of the older Indians spoke of the victory dance, emotions ran deep, their eyes kindled with a fierce light. Again they were driving back the hated foe, running the scalping knife around the hairline of his abandoned dead, peeling off a scalp.

Eventually, the Great Father in Washington sent his soldiers to clear the canyon of all hostile Indians and settle for all time the matter of raids. We found the names of soldiers and those of army officers, including General Crook's carved on the canyon walls.

We retraced our steps down the trail feeling that, in those little rooms, we ourselves had lived their tribal wars. We crossed over to the fort that stood on an outjutting bluff, impregnable on three precipitous sides; on the fourth side, a narrow trail wound steeply to its top. At several points along the trail we found piles of stones left from their last battle, ready to be rolled down on an enemy. We picked up arrowheads, but could not determine whether they had been dropped there by the Havasupai or shot there by the enemy, nor if they had been smeared with the deadly poison. We peeped through the portholes, took pictures of the place and departed.

High up on the wall to our left were two lonely figures, the Buck and the Squaw. The Indians had told me the legend of their plight, so we stopped to see how closely the two stones resembled the figures of a man and a woman. At a time when the Apache had

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conquered and held all the land on one side of the stream, limiting the tribe to the strip on the other side of the Blue Water, an Apache man fell in love with a beautiful Havasupai woman. He crossed the stream, killed the woman's husband, and fled with her up the steep canyon wall. The Havasupai gave chase, but when the guilty couple had almost reached the rim of the inner canyon, the gods struck quickly, turning the pair to stone. There they remained through all the centuries, a grim reminder to all Havasupai women of the penalty of illicit love.

Such love affairs were not unknown in the village. When neighboring tribes came in to trade, a man would dole out the quantity of food he would pay for the transient affection of some woman of the visiting tribe: so many ears of corn, so many measures of beans. Some of the Havasupai women were capricious and took advantage of these occasions to live daringly. However, as a rule, the home seemed to be a stable institution in which man and wife maintained its integrity.

A slow walk through the village, stopping to talk to the people, accepting an ear of roasted sweet corn at one wickiup, a handful of crisp sunflower seed at another; then, with reluctance on my part, we started home. Somewhere in the canyon walls was a secret cave filled with tools and weapons such as were used by Those of Old. Vesnor, when a boy, had watched old men secrete this native handicraft and seal the cave, leaving no identifying mark. I knew I could never find it, and Vesnor refused to disclose its location. But how adequately those tools would reveal the ancient culture of an agricultural people such as the Havasupai!

We ate a pickup meal, then I sat in our old rocker to read my daily paper, published in Oklahoma City and a week old by the time it reached the canyon. The delay did not lessen the shock of the news of President McKinley's assassination. But the excitement, the hatred and fear aroused by his death could not reach us in our seclusion. We could not plunge into political intrigues and the turmoil of a world that seemed hardly to exist while we lived, vicariously, the adventures of a courageous people in discovering and defending a mysterious canyon.

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## CHAPTER XIV

### THE HAVASUPAIS AND THEIR LEGENDS

IN almost every case one finds a variety of differing legends related by the Indians of any tribe upon the same subject. As the Wallapais and Havasupais are cousins, one would naturally expect their legends to have some things in common. How much this is so will be seen by a comparison of the following story with that of the Wallapai Origin Legend.

"The two gods of the universe," said O-dig-i-ni-ni'-a, the relator of the mythic lore of the Havasupais, "are Tochopa and Hokomata. Tochopa he heap good. Hokomata heap han-a-to-op'-o-gi — heap bad — all same white man's devil. Him Hokomata make big row with Tochopa, and he say he drown the world.

"Tochopa was full of sadness at the news. He had one daughter whom he devotedly loved, and from her he had hoped would descend the whole human race for whom the world had been made. If Hokomata persisted in his wicked determination she must be saved at all hazard. So, working day and night, he speedily prepared the trunk of a pinion tree by hollowing it out from one end. In this hollow tree he placed food and other necessaries, and also made a lookout window. Then he brought his daughter, and telling her she must go into this tree and there be sealed up, he took

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a sad farewell of her, closed up the end of the tree, and then sat down to await the destruction of the world. It was not long before the floods began to descend. Not rain, but cataracts, rivers, deluges came, making more noise than a thousand Hack-a-tai-as (Colorado River) and covering all the earth with water. The pinion log floated, and in safety lay Pu-keh-eh, while the waters surged higher and higher and covered the tops of Hue-han-a-patch-a (the San Franciscos), Hue-ga-woul-a (Williams Mountain), and all the other mountains of the world.

"But the waters of heaven could not always be pouring down, and soon after they ceased, the flood upon the earth found a way to rush into the sea. And as it dashed down it cut through the rocks of the plateaus and made the deep Chic-a-mi-mi (canyon) of the Colorado River (Hack-a-tai-a). Soon all the water was gone.

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"Then Pu-keh-eh found her log no longer floating, and she peeped out of the window Tochopa had placed in her boat, and, though it was misty and almost dark, she could see in the dim distance the great mountains of the San Francisco range. And near by was the canyon of the Little Colorado, and to the north was Hack-a-tai-a, and to the west was the canyon of the Havasu.

"The flood had lasted so long that she had grown to be a woman, and, seeing the water gone, she came out and began to make pottery and baskets as her father long ago had taught her. But she was a woman. And what is a woman without a child in her arms or nursing at her breasts? How she longed to be a mother! But where was a father for her child? Alas! there was no man in the whole universe!

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"Day after day longings for maternity filled her heart, until, one morning, — glorious happy morning for Pu-keh-eh and the Havasu race, — the darkness began to disappear, and in the far-away east soft and new brightness appeared. It was the triumphant Sun coming to conquer the long night and bring light into the world. Nearer and nearer he came, and at last, as he peeped over the far-away mesa summits, Pu-keh-eh arose and thanked Tochopa, for here, at last, was a father for her child. She conceived, and in the fulness of time bore a son, whom she delighted in and called In-ya'-a — the son of the Sun.

"But as the days rolled on she again felt the longings for maternity. By this time she had wandered far to the west and had entered the beautiful canyon of the Havasu, where deep down between the rocks were several grand and glorious waterfalls, and one of these, Wa-ha-hath-peek-ha-ha, she determined should be the father of her second child.

"When it was born it was a girl, and to this day all the girls of the Havasupai are 'daughters of the water.'

"As these two children grew up they married, and thus became the progenitors of the human race. First the Havasupais were born, then the Apaches, then the Wallapais, then the Hopis, then the Paiutis, then the Navahoes.

"And Tochopa told them all where they should live. The Havasupais and the Apaches were to dwell in Havasu Canyon, the former on one side of the Havasu (blue water), and the latter on the other side, and occupy the territory as far east as the Little Colorado and south to the San Francisco Mountains. The Wallapais were to roam in the country west of Havasu Canyon, and the

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
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Hopis and Navahoes east of the Little Colorado, and the Paiutis north of the big Colorado.

"And there in Havasu Canyon, above their dancing-place, he carved on the summit of the walls figures of Pu-keh-eh and A-pa-a to remind them from whom they were descended. Here for a long time Havasupais and Apaches lived together in peace, but one day an Apache man saw a most beautiful Havasu woman, and he fell in love with her, and he went to his home and prayed and longed and ate his heart out for this woman who was the wife of another. He called upon Hokomata, the bad god, to help him, and Hokomata, always glad to foment trouble, told him to pay no attention to the restrictions placed upon him by Tochopa, but to cross the Havasu, kill the woman's husband, and steal her for his own wife.

"The Apache heeded this evil counsel and did so.

"When the Havasupais discovered the wrong that had been done them, and the great disgrace this Apache had brought upon the tribe, they counselled together, and determined to drive out the Apaches from their canyon home. No longer should they be brothers. They bade the Apaches be gone, and when they refused, fell upon them and drove them out. Up the rocks near Hue-gli-i-wa the Apaches climbed, and to this day the marks of their footsteps may be seen. They were driven far away to the south and commanded never to come north of the San Francisco Mountains. Hence, though originally they were brothers, there has ever since been war between the people of the Havasu and the Apaches.

"Then, to remind them of the sure punishment that comes to evil-doers. Tochopa carved the great stone

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
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figures of the Apache man and the Havasupai squaw so that they could be seen from above and below, and there to this day the Hue-gli-i-wa remain, as a warning against unlawful love and its dire consequences."

Here is another story told by a shaman of the Havasupais of the origin of the race. It is interesting and instructive to note the points of similarity and difference.

"In the days of long ago a man and a woman (Hokomata and Pukeheh Panowa) lived here on the earth. By and by a son was born to them, whom they named Tochopa. As he grew up to manhood Pukeheh Panowa fell in love with him and wished to marry him, but he instinctively shrank from such incestuous intercourse. The woman grew angry as he repelled her, and she made a number of frogs which brought large volumes of water. Soon all the country began to be flooded with water, and Hokomata found out what was the matter. He then took Tochopa and a girl and placed them in the trunk of a pinion tree, sealed it up, and sent them afloat on the waters. He stored the tree with corn, peaches, pumpkins, and other food, so they would not be hungry, and for many long days the tree floated hither and thither on the face of the waters. Soon the waters began to subside, and the tree grounded near to where the Little Colorado now is. When Tochopa found the tree was no longer floating he knocked on the side, and Hokomata heard him and came and let him out. As he stepped on the ground he saw Huchanapatcha (the San Francisco Mountains), Huegadawiza (Red Butte), Huegawōōla (Williams Mountain), and he said: "I know these mountains. This is not far from my country. And the water ran down the Hack-a-tha-eh-la (the salty stream, or the Little Colorado) and made Hack-

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
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a-tai-a (the Grand Canyon of the Colorado). Here he and his wife lived until she gave birth to the son and daughter as before related."

The way the Wallapai became a separate people is thus related by the Havasupais:

"A long time ago the animals were all the same as Indians, and the Indians as the animals. The Coyote he lived here in Havasu Canyon. One time he go away for a long time and he catch 'em a good squaw, and by and bye he have a little boy.

"The little boy grew up to be a man, and he went up on top (out of the canyon, upon the higher plateaus), and there he found two squaw. It heap cold on top, and he get two squaw to keep him warm when he go to sleep. Then he came back to Havasu, and when his papa (the Coyote) saw his two squaws he said: 'I take this one. One squaw enough for you.' But the boy was angry and said one squaw was not enough. 'When I lie down to sleep I heap cold. Squaw she heap warm. Two squaw keep me warm.' The Coyote told his son not to talk; he must be content with one squaw and go to sleep. And the squaw was proud that the Coyote had made her his wife, and she began to taunt the boy, and when he replied she asked the Coyote to tell his boy not to talk. And the Coyote was mad and spoke angrily to his boy.

"When he awoke in the morning his son was gone. And ten sleeps passed by and still he did not come back, so the Coyote tracked him up Wallapai Canyon, and went a long, long way. He reached the hilltop and still he did not find his son. At last, a long, long way off he saw him, and he changed him into a mountain sheep. Then a lot more mountain

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
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sheep came and ran with the Coyote's son, and the Coyote could not tell which of the band was his boy. He looked and looked, but it was all in vain. He tried to change his boy back again, so that he would no longer be a mountain sheep, but, as he could not tell which was his boy, his efforts were in vain, and he had to go back to Havasu alone.

"For a long time the boy remained as a mountain sheep, until the horns had grown large upon his head. Then he changed himself back to a man, and he found his squaw there, waiting for him, and that is why, to this day, the Wallapai is to the Havasupai the A-mu-u or mountain sheep."

The origin of the Hopis is thus related by the Havasupais:

"Long time ago two men were born near Mooney Falls. They were twins, yet one was big man, and the other a little big. They came up into this part of the canyon (where the Havasupais now live). It was no good in those days. There was no water and it was 'heap hot.' The little big man he say: 'I no like 'em stay here. Let us go hunt 'em good place to live where we catch plenty water, plenty corn.' So they left the canyon and climbed out where the Hopi trail now is. Here they stayed in the forest some time, hunting and making buckskin. After they had got a large bundle of buckskins dressed, they put them on their backs and began to walk on to seek the country of lots of water, where plenty of corn would grow. But it was hot weather and the load was heavy, and they soon grew so very tired that the smaller brother began to cry. As they walked on he cried more and more,

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
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773 539 until when they came to the hilltop looking down to the Little Colorado River, he said: 'I cannot go any farther. I am going to lie down here and go to sleep.' So they both went to sleep, and when they woke up the big brother said: 'Where you go? You no walk long way. You heap tired.'

"And the little brother answered: 'I no like go farther. I go back Havasu. I catch 'em water there.'

"'All right!' replied the big brother, 'I no like Havasu. I go hunt water and plant corn and watermelons and sunflowers. You go back to Havasu.'

"And he gave him a little bit of corn, and that explains why the Havasupais can grow only a small amount of corn in their canyon, though it is exceedingly sweet and delicious.

"But the big brother went on and found the places now occupied by the Hopi, and he settled there. And as he had taken lots of corn with him and he planted it, that explains" (to the Havasupai mind) "why the Hopi has so much corn.

"And the smaller brother found water when he got back to Havasu, and he planted his corn, and cared for it, and went and hunted and caught the deer and made buckskin. Then he found a squaw who made baskets, and helped him make mescal, and they stopped there all the time.

"The Hopi brother learned to make blankets, but no buckskin, so when he wants buckskin he has to come to his smaller brother in Havasu Canyon."

172 173 361 In the early days the Havasupais were undoubtedly cliff-dwellers, for in a score or more places in their canyons are houses in the cliffs — some of them inacces-

ineligibility to subsequent eligibility for marriage, as reported by Opler (1941, 82). 881 182

Among the Havasupai, the puberty ceremony's most important function may be for the girl herself. Attentions given her during the ritual puberty observance tend to: (1) dramatize a difficult experience for her by treating it as one of relative importance; (2) sustain and reinforce her ego by verbal delineation of her prospective roles, and by indirect acknowledgment of her newly acquired status; and (3) minimize possible unpleasantness of the physiological change involved by directing a girl's attention toward the ritual and its symbolism, and by emphasizing importance of her future womanly duties toward her family.

Initial fright felt by a pubescent girl living at home might easily be forgotten in the reassurance offered by the puberty ceremony and its accompanying attentiveness to the girl by her mother or another close relative.

Puberty for boys is not marked by ceremony. Perhaps the closest thing corresponding to puberty ritual was the recognition which formerly accompanied a boy's first successful deer hunt. A youth was not permitted to eat any of his first kill. He divided it instead among relatives and friends or among other hunters.

While some form of the puberty ceremony usually is performed for a girl of today, a boy no longer has the opportunity of achieving recognition through his mastery of hunting techniques. The Havasupai, of course, are restricted to hunting during annual game seasons. Wild animals no longer play an important part in their economy. [224]

## Mythical Origin of Menstruation

A folktale describing the manner in which menstruation came about is incorporated in a longer story. Only the part concerning menstruation is narrated here. 841 539 773

"Long ago when the world was still wet, before the human race was here, and when the animals were like human beings, Squirrel lived in the San Francisco Mountains. One day he took the tibia of a deer and painted on it a design. After sundown, he threw the bone to the east with a prayer that a young girl would come to him with the next rising sun. The girl came just as Squirrel had prayed she would. She lived happily for a time there at the camp with her guardian, Squirrel, and her brothers, Coyote and White Dog.

"One day Coyote called to his sister saying, 'Sister, you must stay here while I go out to hunt.' After the girl had waited awhile, Coyote returned carrying a fawn he had killed. The girl was glad to see the fawn and sat

841 nearby thinking how good the meat would taste. While Coyote was butcher-
● 773 ing, she felt of the fawn's smooth hair and touched his ears and face. Pres-
539 ently, Coyote asked the girl to hand something to him, and when she turned away to reach it, Coyote put his hand in the fawn's fresh blood and flipped it upon the girl's thighs close to her vagina. The Coyote cried out, 'Oh, Sister, you are menstruating. Now you cannot eat meat until you are clean after four days have passed.' The girl was angry because she couldn't eat the meat. Coyote said to her, 'From now on it will happen like this to you once every month. After four days you must bathe.' Thus it was Coyote who caused the girl to have the monthly illness, and all girls have had it since that time.

"The girl went to bed unhappy and next morning when she awoke she was still angry with her brother, Coyote, so she left the camp early, saying nothing to her relatives. She ran away to a land in the west where she lived from that time on."

## The Puberty Ceremony and Folklore

145 Havasupai girls are expected to reach puberty at 12 or 13 years but young women reported initial menses occurring from ages 11 through 17.

881 In childhood, a girl is shielded from knowledge of menstruation, although
864 it seems likely that some girls learn the physiological facts early from con-
841 tacts with older sisters or girl friends. Also, women informants speak frankly and without embarrassment both of menstruation and childbirth in the presence of children of both sexes. Although, in several cases, little girls listened with interest to interviews on these subjects, it is possible that they did not fully comprehend the discussion, especially since English terms were
[192] used. In Havasupai, the term for menstruation ʔahu ʔ tʃga literally means the quality of being red, that is reddish (Spier, 1928, 326). Blood was recorded as ʔahuʔt' and red as ʔahuʔta by this investigator.

841 Living arrangements afford little privacy. Old style hogans and other
864 house types consist of one room, and the newer houses have only one or two
362 rooms. A menstruating woman usually goes to the toilet area to care for herself, first to find privacy, and second, to bury her soiled menstrual pad. Since the toilet area almost always is located in some brush near camp, a little girl may chance to observe her mother or an older sister there. In 1952, a nine-year-old girl, who persistently questioned her older sister about the purpose of packaged sanitary napkins, was repeatedly offered the explanation that they were used to bandage injured arms or legs. When an uninformed little girl observes the initial puberty ceremony, she may be told that this is a treatment "for aching all over." This explanation may seem plausible by analogy with the therapeutic function of the sweatbath.

## The Puberty Dress

881 In former times a buckskin dress cut to the same pattern as that worn
292 for daily attire was made for use during a girl's first menses by one of the
[622] men who knew how to do it. Chiefs are said to have fulfilled this function, while medicine men had no such role.

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when the bathers come out they plunge into the stream, or lie on the sand and rest until their turn again. 515 517

Horse racing is patterned after foot racing of former times. The race is to a point and return. Considerable attention is given to the preparation of the course on which the race is to be held, also to the selection of horses. Races are usually for stakes and on special occasions, as the Peach Dance, a purse is offered the winner. The horsemen do not jockey for a start, but start from stand-still. 541 [525]

Men and boys often hold wrestling contests. The contestants approach each other in a slightly crouching position and lock their arms around each other's body. Kicking and striking are not permitted. The winner must be able to hold his man flat on the ground. 526

The Havasupai children are expert swimmers, often learning the art very young. Mothers toss the small children in the creek of deep water and in almost no time they paddle their way to the bank, one would hardly say they are taught to paddle for it seems to come instinctively. 868 481

As canyon climbers the Havasupai probably surpass all other tribes. Their muscles are developed by constant practice and they run up and down the steep canyon trails in a manner to excite the envy of our college athletes. 481 147

When an individual is very ill and it is feared that he may die, relatives gather and begin to wail. A corpse is laid with the head to the northwest, the hair washed in yucca suds, and the face painted. Clothes are usually furnished by friends and relatives. The following day every one gathers to mourn with the family. The chiefs talk of the past life of the deceased and admonish the relatives to care for the property of the deceased and not to commit suicide. Formerly the Havasupai cremated their dead but now they are buried. Each family has a burial plot. When death occurs in a house the family moves out for a few months. Personal possessions are buried. In recent years the custom of burning personal treasures has not been as universal as formerly. 763 764 [423] 768

### RELIGION

The Havasupai creation myth and other legends are very similar to those of the Mohave and Yuma Indians living along the Colorado River. [171] 773

In the Beginning there were two gods of the Universe. Tochopa was a good god and Hokomata was very bad. The good god had a very beautiful daughter, Ter,keh-eh,(1) from whom he hoped would descend the whole human race to inhabit the big world. The wicked god seemed to possess the most magical power and to demonstrate it he proudly boasted he would flood the world and destroy all creation. The good god, Tochopa, fearing he would do this, made a boat of hollow piñon log in which he hoped to save his daughter. In this log he placed necessary food and other articles and also made a lookout window. Then he brought his daughter, and telling her she must get in the log and there be sealed up, he took a sad farewell of her, closed up the end of the log and waited for the destruction of the world. It was not long before the floods began to descend. Not rain, but cataracts, rivers, and deluges came covering all the earth with water. The log floated and in safety lay Pu-keh-eh while the water rose higher and higher covering all the mountains. After a while the flood ceased and the water found a way to rush into the sea. As it dashed down it cut through rocky plateaus and made the deep canyons of the Colorado River. Soon all the water was gone and the earth began to dry. The girl found her log no longer floating. She peeped out of the window her father had placed in her boat, and, though it was misty and 539

(1) Sources of mythology here given are a Havasupai informant; Parish, History of Arizona; and The Redman, a bulletin of mythology printed at the Phoenix Indian School. [115 127]

539 almost dark, she could see in the distance the outline of the moun-
773 tains of the San Francisco peaks and nearby to the north the Canyon of the Colorado and to the west the Canyon of the Havasu. The flood had lasted so long that Pu-keh-eh had grown to womanhood. Seeing the water gone, she came out and began to weave baskets and make pottery as her father had taught her before the flood. She was very lonely and longed for her father, but she had to live alone a long time in the dark dismal world.

Many months of darkness had passed but one morning the darkness began to disappear and in the east a faint brightness appeared. The maiden knew that the triumphant sun was coming to conquer the long night and bring light into the world. During the time of waiting for light the girl had a great longing for a child. But where was a father for her child? There wasn't a man in the world.

When the sun rose in the east she decided he should be the father of her child. She conceived and in the fullness of time bore a son whom she called the Son of the Sun.

As time passed she again longed for maternity. Later Pu-keh-eh had a daughter. When these two children grew up they married and thus became the progenitors of the human race. The Havasupai were created first, then the Apache, the Hualapai, the Hopi, the Paiute, and last the Navaho. Tochopa told them where they should live. The Havasupai and Apache were to stay in Cataract Canyon, the former on one side of the creek and the latter on the other side, and occupy the country east to the Little Colorado and south to the San Francisco mountains. The Hualapai were to remain in the country west of Cataract Canyon, the Navaho, and Hopi east of the Little Colorado, and the Paiute north of the Big Colorado.

For a long time the Havasupai and Apache lived together in peace, but one day an Apache man saw a beautiful Havasupai woman. He fell in love with her and longed to take her for his wife, but she was the wife of another. He finally called upon Hokomata, the wicked god, to help him. Hokomata, always glad to make trouble, told the Apache to pay no attention to the restrictions placed upon him by Tochopa, but to go to the home of the woman and kill her husband, then take her for his own wife. The Apache heeded this evil advice, killed the man and took the woman for his own. When the Havasupai discovered the crime that had been committed and the disgrace this Apache had brought upon them, they counselled together and decided to drive the Apaches from the Canyon. No longer should they be one people. They commanded the Apache people to leave, but the latter refused to move. The Havasupai then set upon them and drove them far to the south. Although they were originally brothers, there has been a feeling of enmity between them ever since.

771 Religion is only slightly developed and occupies but a minor place in Havasupai life. "Ceremonialism is meager and interest in the super-
782 natural is neither comprehensive nor developed in systematic form."(1) Prayers are addressed to the earth, sun, rocks, trees, wind, and water. When praying to the sun a man draws his hands down over his face as he blows to brush the evil away.

716 Every human has a soul in his heart which leaves his body at death,
774 but not when he dreams or is unconscious. The soul of the dead may
766 appear as a ghost; in a short dark form. Usually only *shamans* see ghosts, or rather, their familiar spirits pursue them at night and give
761 account of their conduct; occasionally others see them. If a ghost appears to a person it is an evil omen—a member of his family will soon die or he may meet with an accident. Ghosts are said always to be
775 forebearers of evil; anyone seeing or hearing one will immediately be-
769 come sick. Children and some older people are afraid to go about alone

(1) Spier, Havasupai Ethnography, p. 278.

11: Shufeldt D-4 (no date) 1892
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maps the San Francisco mountain is represented as belonging to the continuous Mogollon chain, which comes from the east southeast, and was called Sierra de los Cosninos, the name of a tribe of Indians inhabiting this region. I am under the impression that Leroux, the early explorer in that part of the country was finally murdered by the Cosninos, but I do not remember that the account has ever been printed." Whipple also refers to the "Cosnino caves," remarking that "the Cosnino caves had been plastered with mortar, showing more artistic skill than is practiced by the present occupants of the country" (*loc. cit.*, p. 15). And again on page 10 he goes to show that, taken collectively, the Pontos, Cosninos, and Yampais together number 6,000 souls; of these 2,000 were Yampais (p. 17). But all this is very brief and unsatisfactory. 195 114

Capt. John G. Bourke in his work on "The Snake-dance of the Moquis of Arizona" (1884), says, "At Keam's ranch we met Mr. Alexander Steven, a bright Scotchman who during the past 12 years has had considerable experience as a metallurgist and mining prospector in Nevada and Utah. He gave me a thrilling account of his journey westward to the country of the Cohoninos, a tribe of Indians living in the cañon of Cataract Creek, near its junction with the Grand Cañon of the Colorado in this Territory.

"They number only from forty to fifty warriors, live in the cliffs in winter, and build 'wickyups' or sapling lodges in summer. They say that the Hualpais (Wolapais), Apache-Mojaves, and themselves are all one people—Cohoninos—but that *their* proper designation is the "Ah-Supai. 195 101 [348]

"They raise an abundance of finest peaches, good corn and melons, and weave unusually fine and beautiful baskets. They are great hunters, and eke out a living by trading off buckskins, and sometimes mountain lion pelts, to the Moquis, Navajos, and Apaches. 195 [241] [285] [439]

"The cañon in which they dwell is 4,500 feet deep, and is that of the Cataract Creek, a strong body of clear water tumbling by a series of cascades into the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, 1,500 feet still deeper, and separated from their village by a series of blood-curdling precipices and chasms" (pp. 80, 81). Captain Bourke, in speaking of the Moquis, says further, that "Intimate commercial relations are maintained with the Cohoninos or Ava-Supais on the west (*loc. cit.*, p. 254). [133] [439]

In a lecture before the National Academy of Sciences, delivered in Washington, April 22, 1882, Mr. Frank H. Cushing in referring to the Zunians said, "Interesting among the hero-gods is the great priest of all religious orders save that of the bow, *Poskai Ankia*. In the days of the new, yet not until after men had begun their journey toward the east, he is supposed to have appeared among the ancestors of the Zuñis, the Taos, the Coconinos, and the Moqui Indians, so poor and ill-clad as to have been ridiculed by mankind." This lecture was afterwards published in The Popular Science Monthly, of New York (1882, p. 191). 114 993

ward glance at his own threadbare soldier coat and well-patched breeches.] I am young [he was nearly fifty], but am I not old enough to remember how my people dug the soil with wooden hoes, or cut the poles of their cabins with stone axes, and skinned the deer with a knife of flint? No; I take the father of the Land of Sunrise [Washington] by the hand, and my father of the Land of Sunset [General Wilcox] do I grasp by the hand, that we may look one upon another with smiling faces."

The worship of the Ha-va-su-paí consists of prayers, made during their smokes, or at the hunting shrines, which are merely groups of rude pictographs along nooks or caves in the walls of the cañon. Here, seated on the ground, the worshiper blows smoke to the north, west, south, and east, upward and downward; then says, in a low tone, some simple prayer, only one of which, addressed to the spirit of the Deer-god, I was able to record: —

"Let it rain, that grass may grow for the deer.
Go not away, O deer, from my arrows and weapons.
Thou art ours; by thee do we live.
Go not away, but remain to minister to our wants, to accept of my sacrifices."

The Ha-va-su-paí believes that the source of his river is sacred and pure; that polluted by the touch of man it would cease to give forth its waters, and the rocks of the cañon would close forever together.

Ko-hót told me, one morning, the following beautiful story of the origin and history of his nation: —

"When the world was new it was covered with waters, save where a single mountain peak to the north looked out above their surface. Here, alone, wandered the great Coyote. Mankind lived in the four dark cave-plains of earth, below this mountain, until, under the guidance of a great cacique, they journeyed up from one to the other, and were finally led out into the light of the

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sun, through a hole in the mountain. No sooner had the leader come out than he was overwhelmed by the bright light and the angry waters, and died; and while the people were weeping and wondering what they should do, the Coyote came, and said to them, 'Burn the body of your father, and scatter the ashes thereof upon the face of the water; then they will begin to dry away and the earth will grow hard.' 'Alas! we have no fire,' said the people. So the Coyote volunteered to fetch it, and forthwith ran far away in search of it. When he had gone, and the people, wondering if he would return, were still mourning, the blue-bottle fly, who was sunning himself on a dry branch, comforted them by saying that he would make fire for them. So, raising his wings, he rubbed them against one another, until the sparks flew out from them and ignited the branch he was perched upon. Then the people collected great quantities of wood, laid the body of the cacique thereon, and set fire to it with the branch the blue-bottle fly had lighted.

"The Coyote, who saw from afar the smoke of the fire they had kindled, was angry, and, running back as fast as he could, came to the place just as the body was consumed. But the heart still remained, and, rushing into the fire, he grabbed it in his mouth, and ran away with it. The fire was so hot that it singed his face and fore-paws: hence, to this day, the faces and fore-paws of the coyote are black. He ate only a part of the heart, burying the rest: hence, also, it is the nature of the coyote to bury his food away in the ground.

"Where the Coyote buried the heart a corn plant grew, and upon its stalks were six ears of corn, — yellow, white, variegated, black, blue, and red: hence, corn, springing from the heart of man, is his life to this day. As the nations of men came out one after another, each was given an ear of corn: yellow to the

NT13 531

Zuñi, white to the Moqui, variegated to the Northern nations, a very little black to the Apache, and blue to the Hua-la-pai; but the Ha-va-su-paí, coming last, had only a little red ear given them by the fathers [gods].

"Now they did not know how they could live on the small portion that had been given them. So the Coyote, when he heard them bemoaning their lot, came and told them to follow his example: therefore our fathers became a nation of hunters. As the waters of the world dried and flowed away, the face of the earth cracked, and was worn full of deep cañons. One of these cañons was very narrow and filled with rattlesnakes. This was the cañon of the Ha-va-su-paí; and down in a grotto, under the falls, lived a great goddess, Ka-mu-iu-dr-ma-giu-iu-é-ba, or 'Mother of the Waters.' She was wooed by the rattlesnakes, and bore two sons, Ha-ma-u-giu-iu-é-ba, or 'Children of the Waters.' Upon the head of each was a great flint knife. Now the earth became so dry that our forefathers had but little water to drink, and, wandering about in search of it, came to the brink of the cañon; but they could not enter because of the rattlesnakes. So the two boys slew the rattlesnakes with their magic flint knives, and widened the rocks above the home of their mother. Then they guided them down the cañon, and built little houses high up among the cliffs; for the Apache Mojaves came in, too, and disputed possession with them. As the two children led the people down the cañon, they made their hand-prints on the walls, and painted the animals which should serve as food for their people. And these marks still remain on the rocks, and thither we go when we wish to secure the deer, or to ask for rain. When, at last, they reached the home of their mother, she told them that this should be their home forever; that it was not good to live on meat alone, but that they should build houses

[P. 558 B]

773 539 there, and plant the ear of corn they had, and it would be a means of life. So they did as she told them, and the Apache Mojaves lived above them, where the cañon was narrower. For a long time all was well, until a young Ha-va-su-paí man stole an Apache Mojave girl, which caused strife, and wars ensued, so that the Apache Mojaves were driven away. For this reason we live alone in the cañon.

"But, alas! the Coyote ate a part of the heart of the great cacique: hence, only during summer do we live in the home of the Mother of the Waters, and plant as she told us; but in winter we have to follow the deer with our father, the Coyote, and live only as he does, in houses of grass and bark; for the Mother of the Waters grew sad when her people became so foolish, and, leaving only one of her sons to take care of them, she went away to her home among the white shells, in the great world of waters.

[221 166]

"Do you Americans," said the old

[P. 559A]

man, as he ceased, with a sigh of longing, "never see the Mother of the Waters, when you wander along the shores of the great ocean?"

"Oh, yes," I said, and then I told him the story of the mermaid; and, happy almost to tears, he added, "Alas! I cannot tell you more, for the only books our fathers gave us were our hearts and our mouths."

A fairy story is this of the Nation of the Willows; and while science teaches us another tale, may we not poetically believe, with these simple natives, that they have always lived here, apart from the world of nations; that ever since they wandered forth from the four fertile wombs of mother earth, this little strip of land and river and willow, and the great rock-walls, so near together, yet so sublime and impassable, have bounded their generations of life, have had shadows cast on them by the smoke-clouds of the numberless funeral pyres of all their unnamed dead?

*F. H. Cushing.*

[P. 559 B]

/98 cont./

101 water; vasú, blue; and apá, man; and was first applied to them by the Walapai and other Yuman tribes, who had been impressed by the peculiarly transparent blue of the stream flowing through Cataract Canon. By several neighboring tribes and by early writers the Havasupai were called Coconinos, or Cohoninos. This is undoubtedly a Hopi word, for the Hopi still call them Kohónina, which, they say, is from kóhu, wood, and nína, kill, hence "Wood-killers," referring to the former Havasupai custom of breaking off limbs of trees for firewood with clubs. The name survives in that of Coconino county, Arizona.

[313]

133 and which makes life possible in the depths of the gorge, flows through the length of the little garden spot, then in a cataract leaps from the floor of the cañon to be caught in a pool below.

137 While the brink of the cañon lies in the high plateau region, the land of the piñon, cedar, and pine, the home of the Havasupai is in almost a subtropical spot that produces luxuriant

771 vegetation with fruits of several kinds. Ask a Havasupai whence came these fruits and vegetables, and he will tell you, "God brought them, all but the figs." This frank expression as to the origin of his garden products reflects a Havasupai peculiarity. Ordinarily Indians will not mention their gods by name, but the Havasupai discuss them with the same familiarity that they would their neighbors. With them, as indeed with all Indians, everything animate and inanimate is of divine origin.

773
197 Havasupai mythology differs but slightly from that of the parent stock, and the difference in language is dialectic only.

174 Notwithstanding the similarity in myth and language, the separa-
144 tion must have occurred at a very early date, for in their features the Havasupai bear little resemblance to the Yuma or the Mohave.

[142] They are below the average Indian in stature, while the Mohave and the Yuma are far above.

161 /99/ In 1903 the Havasupai numbered about 250, but in three years disease has diminished their population to 166. The

/102 cont./

756 for if several deaths should follow his ministrations his avenging tribesmen would be sure to start his spirit on its journey to the
844 after-world. Women at childbirth are attended by four women, not necessarily medicine-women, although they use medicine songs.

171 Except for differences due to local coloring, the
● 793 Havasupai have the same creation legend and other mythic lore as the Yuma and the Mohave.